

The Bullet That Killed a Man

By MARGARET ELDRIDGE

When the war between the king and the parliament came on I was thinking of marrying the eldest son of a marquis, Lord Tinterton.

A headstrong boy of my acquaintance, Ralph Chester, not more than nineteen years old, took it into his silly head to fall in love with me. The worst of it was that his father was a strong adherent of the parliament, and this fired the sympathies of the son. Ralph had joined a troop of the psalm singing Roundheads and was preparing to go with them to a rendezvous where the parliamentary forces were being collected. The evening before he left he came to see me to say goodby, I suppose, for we had been neighbors and our now being on different sides did not affect our friendliness. What was my astonishment when he told me that he loved me.

I shall never forget the boyish look on his face as he spoke the words, seeming to feel that he was presumptuous in addressing one he considered so superior to himself. A woman is pleased with any man's devotion and I was secretly pleased. I made my refusal as easy to bear as possible, but my young lover took it hard.

The war had been fought out in England, and Cromwell went to Scotland to suppress the movement against him there. One day a trooper returning from the war stopped at the gate and, dismounting, tramped into the ground and, knocking at the portal, handed in a letter for me. I opened it and, glancing at the bottom, saw the signature of Ralph Chester. The letter was accompanied by a little box. Ralph wrote that he was dying. A surgeon had extracted a bullet from his wound and had promised the poor boy that he would send it to me. It was in the box.

I did not at first realize the effect this gruesome gift would have on me. It was some time before I opened the box and did so at last from a strange desire that came over me to see the bullet that had killed a man and that man my lover. It was like any other bullet, but not so to me. It seemed to be talking to me, telling me a myriad of things, all about the young man who had loved me, but whom I had not loved. I replaced it in the box, resolving that I would put it away and never see it again.

It was not long before a desire came to me to take it out and look at it. I resisted the desire. I endeavored to interest myself in other subjects. Lord Tinterton, who had been fighting under Prince Rupert, returned and renewed his suit. To help me get rid of the effect of my dead lover's gift I tried to listen to him. But my heart was not with Tinterton, and I put him off. I yielded to my desire to see the bullet and, opening the box, took it out. It seemed to reproach me, and for my life I could not consider it what it was—nothing but an inanimate lump of lead.

My mind every day came under the strange influence of this inanimate object. It was a constant reproach to me that I had turned away a love. What right had I to reject that which was so sacred? Before the memento came I had considered marrying Tinterton, though I was indifferent to him personally. To be the most natural thing in the world to do. He had fine estates and by skillful diplomacy had saved them from being confiscated by the protector. My future position as a marchioness would be all that could be desired. And yet I was deterred from giving him an affirmative answer by this little lump of lead. Or was it not rather what that lump of lead represented? It did not seem so to me, though I do not doubt that it was.

At last I determined to try to break the spell by accepting Tinterton. The evening after doing so, when I went to my room, I tried to keep away from the drawer of my dresser where I kept the bullet. I stood looking at the drawer, using all my will power to avoid going to it. All to no purpose. I was drawn like a resisting animal by a rope to the dresser, opened the drawer and took out the bullet. It lay there in its box, inanimate, yet it was to me a reproach. I held it in my hands till the tears came into my eyes. Then I put it back in its place and began to wonder how I should recall all I had said to Tinterton.

I am growing old. King Charles II. has reigned and been succeeded by his brother James. I am a spinster and shall always remain a spinster. Tinterton never forgave me for accepting him and then rejecting him for I had no excuse whatever to offer him. Tell him that I had been forbidden to marry him by a bit of lead. Impossible. I broke with him without giving him a reason and have since been considered by him a weakling. He has long been married to another.

I have often wondered wherein lay the power of the bullet that killed my lover. Was it merely an expression of my feelings? Was it endowed with a subtle power that came from the man it killed? Upon this I still wonder. But whether the spell it exercised in itself, in me or the man whose life it terminated, it is remorseless. Rather, it was remorseless, for it changed the course of my life at that period when I would but for it, have married and lost my identity in that of my husband and children.

Not Worth Stealing.
A certain dramatic author was seen by a friend to have a manuscript almost falling from his pocket. "If you were not so well known you would have had your pocket picked," said the friend.

John Bunyan.
Among the great reformers of the world the only head one is said to have been John Bunyan.

IN THE HORSE BARN.

The average mule will do as much work at two years old as the horse will at three or four. Keep the feet level and keep the shoes on the outside rim of the foot.

Do not let the horses cool off too suddenly after hard work or driving.

Dust and plaster on floors to keep the odors down. Fumes of ammonia from reeking piles of manure will injure a horse's eyes.

Breed your mares to only the best stallions. We have enough common colts.

Never leave home at this time of year without a blanket for your horse and a topcoat for yourself.

FEEDING BEEF CATTLE.

A Good Margin of Profit in Fattening Home Raised Calves.

There are several reasons why beef cattle are scarce, but one of the foremost is that farmers are selling their yearling calves at the age of six weeks, writes W. G. Noland in the Orange Judd Farmer. They do not consider how much loss is incurred by doing so. These calves can be placed on pasture, and before the owner realizes it they are old and large enough to be put on dry feed and be fattened for market. This is one reason for the scarcity of feeding cattle and high priced beef, but most of the farmers who sell calves at such a tender age do it because they do not care to or don't know how to feed a steer for market.

A calf that is born, reared and fattened on the same farm is the one that pays. Not only is it a better feeder, but it is generally a quiet and hearty animal. Not every farmer, of course, is prepared to feed cattle, but if he wishes he can be without a great deal of expense. Not every farmer, on the other hand, knows how to feed and fatten cattle, but this can be learned by beginning with a small number and gaining experience little by little.

I have found that it is poor economy to underfeed, however expensive feeding material may be. If a herd of cattle is on the farm to be fattened the corncrib must not be nailed solid nor contents spared. When I am feeding cattle I use whatever feeds I have that will be eaten to advantage and with a relish. I use bran, crushed corn, corn stover, hay, cottonseed meal, and give free access to rock salt. I have warm sleeping quarters and a good stack of straw in the lot where the animals are kept. It is a loss to any cattle feeder to try to make a profit on a herd of cattle without having hogs to follow them. Much corn is thrown from the feeding troughs by the indifferent steer, and this scattered grain, including the droppings, makes a fattening ration for a number of good sized shots.

Those who can get cattle and hogs to feed should not question the advisability of feeding the corn rather than selling it at an unsatisfactory price. The price for good beef is likely to hold.

To make this short feed the steers ought to range in weight from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds when purchased. Then as heavy cattle are always in demand by packers they should make a large net profit.

CAUSES OF SWEENEY.

Treatment For Wasting of Shoulder Muscles of Horses.

The common cause of sweeney, or wasting of the muscles of the shoulder, is sprain of the parts, brought about when a young colt is plowing or pulling hard in any way, says Dr. A. S. Alexander in the Farm and Fireside. It is most commonly caused when the colt is placed in the furrow, as then it is constantly slipping in and out of the furrow. It is best to place a colt on the land side when learning to plow.

In many instances so called sweeney is wasting of the muscles of the shoulder, due to some chronic foot disease which causes lameness. Navicular disease or chronic corns or ringbone commonly lead to wasting of the muscles of the shoulder. It is therefore necessary in every case to decide what is the true cause. If it is from foot lameness the muscles will grow in again if the lameness is cured.

In ordinary sweeney without lameness the animal should be kept at work, and three times a day the wasted parts should be thoroughly rubbed and the skin pulled away from the flesh. At night a strong liniment may be rubbed in. If lameness is present stop working the horse and rub with liniment twice daily. In addition massage the wasted parts or have the parts blistered with cerate of cantharides after removal of the hair. The blister may have to be repeated several times at intervals of two or three weeks.

Care of Brood Sows.

The brood sows should be handled so one can go up to them at any time. A good time to have them farrow is about April 1. A good place is a stall in the horse or cow barn. The time of farrowing can be determined quite exactly. The milk comes into the teats four to six hours before farrowing. Don't feed the sow for twenty-four hours after farrowing, but give her slightly warmed water. Then feed something like oats and some shorts. When the little pigs are five or six weeks old begin feeding them some grain feed like ground oats.

In Luck.
"Mamma, do animals know what they are called?"
"No."
Jack uttered a sigh of relief and remarked, "It would have been so unpleasant for the donkey, wouldn't it?"

Opportunity.
Sometimes one succeeds by embracing the other fellow's opportunity.—New York American.

DRIED BEET PULP AS A DAIRY FEED

The feeding of a small herd of dairy cows without a silo from a limited amount of runout tillage land presents quite a problem—that is, if a profit is made, writes a New Hampshire farmer in the Rural New Yorker. While there is now no question about the value and economy of silage as a feed it is nevertheless a fact that thousands of farmers are still without a silo. The best substitute we have found for silage is dried beet pulp, which we commenced feeding soon after it was put on the market.

Previous to using the pulp we fed the grains commonly considered best for dairy cows—viz. cornmeal, bran, cottonseed meal, gluten feed, hominy, etc.—in various combinations, depending on the cost of each and kind of roughage available. But we had more or less trouble from garget, caked udders, cows off feed, and they would generally shrink in milk much sooner than we thought they should. The beet pulp did not perhaps cause the cows to give a greatly increased flow of milk, but there were much less variation and shrinkage, and the troubles above mentioned disappeared. We have fed



The miserable specimen of a cow here pictured is typical of the many useless animals maintained in this country. Instead of being a source of profit such animals do not pay for their keep and are justly designated "robber cows." Testing for milk production and butter fat is the best means of eliminating this unworthy type. The dairyman who keeps a herd of such scrubs is merely cumbering his fields and working for nothing.

the pulp both wet and dry and can see no particular difference in results. If fed dry cows should have access to water at least twice daily.

The rule we follow quite closely, but with some variation for amount of grain per cow, is one pound of grain for each three pounds of milk. The maximum grain feed is continued until milk flow is very small, when we reduce to from four to six pounds per cow and give that amount until within one week of her time to freshen. Each cow's grain is weighed, and we are exact about this to the ounce. By experimenting we found that to commence reducing the cow's grain ration as her milk flow diminished would cause her to shrink more rapidly, whereas if same amount was continued right along she would be encouraged to keep up as near as possible to her full flow of milk. We of course watch the cows closely and, if any unfavorable symptoms appear, immediately reduce the ration, but this very rarely happens. By feeding in this way as the cow's milk flow diminishes she commences to put on more flesh, and the unborn calf also gets needed nourishment.

WORK THE STALLIONS.

Plentiful Exercise Conduces to Health and Vigor.

There is no stallion so good that he will not be a lot better if he is worked daily in the harness and made to take his turn in all the hard labor of the farm. What is there about a stallion that he should be condemned either to a life of luxurious ease or neglect more or less total? Few stallions kept for service in the country get proper care at all during the winter season. Generally they are maintained on a starvation diet and allowed to grow half several inches long, in which all manner of dirt and vermin may collect at will. Stalls are seldom cleaned out and, as for cleaning up the exercising yard, that is never thought of.

Why should so many stallions be kept in this obnoxious way? Take any one of the farm horses and submit it to the same treatment and it would go wrong in a short time. Why then expect a stallion to withstand such ill treatment simply because he is a stallion? No matter what the horse cost, break him and put him to work. His giant teeth and sinews, if he is a draft, will be a tower of strength to the gang plow and the manure spreader. He will haul logs out of the timber with ease. If properly handled he is the pleasantest worker imaginable because he is always unafraid and generally more intelligent than geldings or mares.

It is all in the man who handles the stallion. Then in addition to keeping the horse in a much more healthy condition continued labor in the harness will make him keep him docile and much more easily handled than if he is neglected and left to himself for bad habits, mental and physical. There is a big dividend in working an entire horse, no matter what he cost.

Warts on the Udder.

Warts on the udder of a cow are readily removed by rubbing in best castor oil or fresh goose grease once or twice daily. Any wart that has a small neck may be removed at once by the use of the scissors; then lightly apply lunar caustic pencil.

An Iron Tip.
Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me how iron was first discovered?
Johnny—Yes, sir.
"Well, just tell the class what your information is on that point."
"Heard pa say they smelt it."

Had Enough.
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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson I.—First Quarter, For Jan. 4, 1914.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Mark ix, 30-37; 13:16—Memory Verses, x:14-16; Golden Text, Mark x:14—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

The first part of our lesson is found also in Matt. xviii, 1-6; Luke ix, 46-48; and is in each place, as here, preceded by the record of the transfiguration, the casting out of the demon from the boy and the prediction of His death and resurrection; then the account of their dispute by the way as to which of them should be the greatest in the kingdom. Matthew says that they came to Him with the question, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? But Jesus had perceived the thought of their heart before they asked Him (Matt. xviii, 1; Luke ix, 47).

The sequence of events is not often the same in the gospels, but where it is the same, as in the case of these four or five different items, there must be a connected line of teaching. Here it seems to be something like this—three of the disciples were privileged to see a foreshadowing of the kingdom on the mount. At the foot of the mount the other disciples were baffled by the devil, and the enemies of Christ were having the laugh on them. When Jesus came He cast out the demon and rebuked their unbelief and spoke of the necessity of prayer and fasting; then He spoke of His approaching sufferings and death and resurrection, of which Moses and Elijah had talked with Him on the mount (Luke ix, 31), but they understood not what He meant, for they had other thoughts.

They were not like little children who were helpless and dependent and believe what they are told. Had they not all wrought miracles, and had not three of them seen Moses and Elijah, and did they not know something of a kingdom foretold by the prophets, when all nations should be blessed by Israel. Had they not heard repeatedly that the kingdom was at hand, and, although He had not yet told them of a throne, a place of authority, for each of them (Matt. xix, 28; Luke xxii, 30), might they not reasonably expect, being such favored men as to be chosen by Him that they might be near to Him and constantly with Him, that they would be of some special importance in His kingdom?

One might be higher than another, and might not the recently favored three be excused for thinking that they would have a preference? Possibly they said to the others, If we had been there we could have cast out that demon. How great the contrast between Him, who was thinking of His approaching sufferings and death, and these ambitious men who carried their strife up to His last night with them (Luke xxi, 24), and had no ears for the story of suffering and rejection.

They were not like babes to whom things can be told, but more like the wise and prudent in their own estimation, who fancy that they know all things. He would doubtless have told them more than He did but they had been able to bear it, but they were not humble, not teachable, not ready to receive Him as a Messiah about to be cut off and have nothing at present—cut off because of our transgressions (Dan ix, 26, margin; Isa. liii, 8).

What a specially blessed little child to be taken in His arms, but little He will take you. He will take any one who will let him, any one who will come to Him, for "Him that cometh, He will in no wise cast out" (John vi, 37).

The second incident of our lesson has a different setting. This also is found in Matt. xix, 13-15; Luke xviii, 15-17. Placing the three accounts together we read that little children were brought to Him that He might touch them, put His hands on them and pray. It is just possible that His taking that other little child of the first part of our lesson up in His arms may have led other parents to desire that He would do for their children what He had done for that child, and therefore they brought them.

But these important men who were desirous to have prominent places in His kingdom would not have Him troubled with these little ones, evidently forgetting such words as these, "Your little ones which had no knowledge between good and evil, they shall go in." "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hath Thou ordained strength." "The streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls."

The disciples rebuked those who brought the children, but Jesus rebuked the disciples and uttered those memorable words of our Golden Text, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." Then he took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them and blessed them, and if you cannot see Him smiling upon them as He did so you must be as much out of sympathy with Him as were these disciples.

The incident which follows in each of these gospels of the rich young ruler who went away sorrowful because his possessions were more to him than life eternal, sets forth the teaching concerning the little children. They were empty, dependent, humble, teachable, but the disciples were self sufficient, ambitious, inclined to strife, and the rich ruler was full of his earthly goods and unconsciously breaking the first commandment.

An Iron Tip.
Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me how iron was first discovered?
Johnny—Yes, sir.
"Well, just tell the class what your information is on that point."
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A Case of Worldly Wisdom

By EFFIE D. GARDNER

When Miss Mabel Willmarth wrote her lover, Edward Auchinkloss, that under her parents' orders she must break with him he was very badly cut up. He did not blame Mabel; she was not much over seventeen years old—certainly not an age at which a girl is warranted in marrying—counter to the express wishes of her parents.

Auchinkloss was permitted to call upon Miss Willmarth to say goodby, after which he was expected to refrain from visits or communication. He found her as much averse to breaking with him as he was to breaking with her, but he also found her resolute in her determination to obey her mother. "Father and mother," she said, "have only me. If I marry you in opposition to their commands a barrier will be raised between them and me that will never be removed. Besides, mother has convinced me that couples usually grow together, irrespective of any attachments for others, either husband or wife may have had before marriage. We must make the best of the present for the sake of the future. You will marry another girl and I will be nothing to you. I suppose I shall—" "Forget me?"

"I don't know. It doesn't seem to me now that I can."

"What you have said has, of course, come from your mother. It is too wise to be spoken by a girl of seventeen. But I confess that it is wise, or seems to be, and I would not for the world persuade you to do an unwise thing. One thing I wish you to tell me. Has not your mother some one in view for you who she thinks will be able to give you more than I?"

"Why do you ask that question?" "Because until very recently both she and your father seemed to be well satisfied with me for a son-in-law."

"Mother especially enjoyed me to say nothing to you about any future relations between me and any one else. She says that, having broken with you, you are not supposed to take any further interest in me. Surely you cannot be expected to approve of any man that she—I mean I—might marry."

"Right again—that is, if your sentence had been finished as you began it. You should have finished 'that she might select.' Nevertheless it is evident that some one has been selected for you, and naturally I am especially anxious to know who the fellow is."

"The fellow?"

"Well, the gentleman."

"Your use of the word shows that mother is right. You would naturally be prejudiced against any man I might marry."

He tried for an hour to induce her to tell him the name of her new fiancé, but, having promised her mother that she would answer no questions with regard to her future, she stood firm. Finally he asked her if he should write a number of names on a bit of paper to tell him whether the name he wished to know was on the list. Since the man was a newcomer and she did not believe Auchinkloss had ever seen or heard of him, she consented. He wrote twenty names on the paper and handed it to her. She handed it back to him with a request to be released from her agreement. Auchinkloss released her and immediately took his departure.

Several weeks rolled around, and Miss Willmarth saw nothing of her discarded lover. She did not even meet him on the street. This was surprising, because the town in which they lived was small. More weeks passed with like result. His place was not supplied by the new suitor, because Mr. and Mrs. Willmarth had decided that he might not pay their daughter any attention whatever till she had passed her eighteenth birthday. Then the couple might be engaged, but for a year before marriage. Such an arrangement prevented any one from linking the two names together.

Four months passed between the time Auchinkloss was discarded and Mabel's eighteenth birthday. The latter had passed and the engagement had been made, though not announced, when the new appointee was arrested one day on a charge of giving a check on a bank where he had no account. Other claims against him followed the first, and it was not long before a pretty black record came to light. The engagement between him and Mabel was broken without any one outside the family knowing that it had occurred.

Then one day Auchinkloss appeared at the Willmarth home and was restored to favor.

"You remember," he asked, "our conversation when I was dismissed about a natural prejudice on my part as to the one who would take my place? Well, that prejudice served a purpose. It was I who unearthed your new lover."

"You? Why, you didn't know his name?"

"I did. His name was the only name on the paper I handed you that was not fictitious. I had heard of him several years before and had not heard any good of him. I went away and spent weeks tracing his record, and finally put those he had swindled on his track."

"You don't mean it?"

"But for me you might have married a sw